

## sorry (not sorry) by hoppnhorn

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**Summary:**

Billy fucks up Steve's chances during free practice.

## sorry (not sorry)

“PRICK.”

Billy would know that voice anywhere. It’s a wonderful mix of furious and just plain *whiny*. And there is only one man in the whole of motoGP who can make his voice sound so *grating*.

“Well howdy to you too, Harrin—” He tries to go for casual, running his fingers through his sweaty curls. He’s got a nasty case of helmet hair and he has a reputation for being pretty damn gorgeous at all times.

The cameras never catch him looking out of sorts. But Harrington definitely has, storming into his garage unannounced.

“You PRICK.” Billy’s expecting the insult. He’s not expecting Steve to *shove* him and send him reeling backwards into a mechanic’s workbench. The things are *expensive*.

“Jesus, it was just a *practice*. Don’t get your panties in a bunch.” Billy hisses, straightening for a fight. A *fair* fight, this time. One where he’s ready for the confrontation, not sneering like an idiot waiting for a punch.

Steve is *seething* when he charges again.

He’s lucky the news crews are preoccupied with a new lap record on the track. No one likes covering crashes unless someone is carted off on a stretcher.

They’d both walked away.

*Darn.*

“Fuck you. That was my second bike.” Steve grabs a hold of Billy’s leathers and they’re tangled up against the workbench a second time. Billy cuts to the chase, grabs a handful of that long, sweaty brown hair and *pulls*.

“Wanna play rough, baby?” He can’t help it. He’s wanted to get his

hands on Steve Harrington and all his *gorgeous* glory since fucking Qatar. Billy gives into impulse and laves his tongue over the gloriously shiny length of Steve's neck. He tastes like salt.

"What the *fu—*" Harrington thrashes but Billy is too busy hauling him back into his trailer. The garage is open; any old *idiot* with a smartphone could barge in and see them practically *strangling* each other out in the open.

"I said it was an accident." Billy hisses. His fingernails hurt with the amount of *force* it takes to pull Steve by his leathers. But he manages it, knuckles white, until they're safely out of sight. "I even said I was *sorry*." He adds.

"To the fucking *cameras*." Steve snaps, finally breaking free; though *really* Billy lets him go. "I was on a flying lap, you fucking *asshole* and you'd just gotten out. You *dick*."

He's actually pretty pissed.

So Billy lets him yell. Lets him pace back and forth and throw insults at him until he's left panting and just *angry*.

But in silence.

Finally.

"Can I say something now?" Billy asks. Because he can't just say *sorry* like a normal person. He's a piece of shit, egotistical bastard.

"Fuck you." Steve grouses. But he doesn't *leave*. Which is something.

"I am sorry." He says slowly. Enunciates every word. "I didn't see you —"

"I'm wearing *fucking orange*." Steve screams, pointing to the big *Honda* logo on his orange leathers. Which. Okay, *fair*.

"Jesus, Harrington." Billy moans. "I can only say *I'm sorry*."

"That's not good enough!" Steve yells.

And *dammit*, he's sexy. Hair wet and tossed in every direction. Face flushed and skin *gleaming*. Billy wants to *devour* him.

Suddenly, that doesn't seem like such a bad idea.

"Okay fine." He says carefully. "I'll make it up to you." Steve stares, pants for a moment, brow knit in an expression of *what the fuck*.

"You gonna stay up until tomorrow morning fixing my bike with the rest of my team?" He snaps. A bolt of guilt hits Billy in the bottom of his gut. No, he can't do that. They're not even *allowed* to be in each other's trailers.

So what they're doing is already pretty close to *illegal*.

Like race disqualification *illegal*.

"I can't do that." Billy murmurs, his mouth going a little dry as he takes a step closer. "I'm a shit mechanic."

Steve glares at him, crosses his arms.

"What then?"

Billy doesn't exactly know how to go about propositioning a *straight* guy, but he wants Harrington in the worst way. *Has* wanted him, since they'd both graduated from Moto2 to MotoGP a few years back.

It's felt like an endless *tease* for Billy. Watching Harrington smile and wave for his adoring fans. The all-American boy with a heart of gold.

Of course, he'd been cast as the cocky Californian with a boner for danger. Which, honestly, isn't too far off the mark.

But he doesn't *actually* hate Steve Harrington, even though all the blogs and press outlets *claim* the two Americans can't stand each other. Can't stand to even be in the same room during a press conference without one of them sneaking in a passive-aggressive insult.

Okay, so maybe *he's* the one taking cheap shots at Steve all the time.

He can't help it. The golden boy is just too easy a target.

And he wants him so *goddamn* bad, it's dumb.

One problem: Steve is straight. *Unbearably* so, with his high school sweetheart and cute little love story. But Billy sees the way Nancy doesn't really *smile* anymore.

He's also seen her blowing one of the camera dudes from beIN sports so he thinks Harrington really hasn't been *laid* in a while.

So he takes a little leap.

And steps into the guy's space.

"What the—" Harrington moves like he's going to punch Billy in the *fucking face* until Billy holds up his hands, palms spread.

"Relax, tough guy." He breathes, flashes one of his best smiles. "I'm *apologizing* remember?"

Steve takes a couple of hard exhales through his nose, blinking rapidly at Billy until he lowers his hands.

Reaching for the zipper at Steve's throat, Billy is only shaking a little. He doesn't look Steve in the eye because he knows he'll give away how *much* he wants to have this. To have *him*.

"Hargrove." Steve's voice is hesitant, questioning, but in a breathless sort of way. "What are you doing?"

"I thought I told you." Billy murmurs, opening the orange Honda uniform down Steve's chest, over his torso. "Apologizing." There are big, angry slashes in the leather, dirt and cement embedded in the material from where Steve had *slid* across the asphalt.

After being *thrown* off his motorcycle.

All because Billy hadn't turned his head and checked over his shoulder. Hadn't made sure he was alone when he went for the apex.

His heart had nearly stopped when he'd seen the flash of orange in

his peripherals.

"I'm sorry." He says softly, unthreading the zipper down to Steve's waist where it ends. Underneath the uniform, most riders wear undershirts.

Except Billy, of course.

He has that *reputation* to keep after all.

Steve is wearing some sort of black under armor. The wicking kind, if Billy's not mistaken. It makes his chest look sleek, tightly covered in thin fabric.

Billy could lick his nipples through the stuff and probably *taste* him.

"I didn't see you." He continues, both hands gently easing the leathers down Steve's hips, just enough that his grey boxer briefs are revealed.

Nike, of course.

The guy is a walking endorsement deal.

"Hargrove." Steve says again, but the fight is gone from his voice. Billy doesn't dare meet his gaze. *Can't*.

Slowly, he kneels.

"I'm sorry." He repeats. With a slow, brush of his hands, he strokes across Steve's waist. Over his hips, down his thighs. He tests. Waits.

When Steve hasn't *bashed his face in*, Billy takes his chances and leans forward. Presses his nose into the warm, soft material at Steve's groin and *breathes*.

"*Billy*."

He glances up at that, shock pulling his attention more than anything. He's never heard his *first* name on Steve's lips. Let alone with that kind of *hunger*.

Steve is staring down at him, mouth open and eyes wide and glazed over.

If this weren't so goddamn *important*, Billy would be laughing at him.

Nancy *really* hasn't been keeping her man happy.

"Let me make it up to you." He says gently, using the fingertips of one hand to stroke at Steve through his underwear. His cock isn't hard but it isn't soft either.

He's also fucking *hung*.

"Okay." Steve finally whispers, hands twitching at his sides as Billy practically quivers with delight.

Nancy Wheeler is going to have a hard time keeping her man once Billy gets his *mouth* on him.

He doesn't go immediately for the prize. He licks at Steve through his briefs, teases him with kisses to his hip. He pushes up the shirt on his waist and bites at his skin, tongues at the trail of hair leading down down *down*.

Billy patiently waits until he can see Steve straining at the front of his boxers, his scent musky and so *delicious*.

He doesn't make *Steve* wait though. He makes good on his apology. He reaches into Steve's underwear and pulls his cock out, runs his hand over every silky inch.

"*Fuck.*"

The golden boy sounds like a porn star, shoulder blades against the wall with a fist in his own hair, watching with a blush on his face.

It's an image Billy commits to memory. Like a snapshot in his mind. Framed. Mounted over a mantel.

"Only if you ask nice." He teases with a wink.

Whatever retort on Steve's lips dies the instant Billy swallows him

down, his words replaced with a gasp of shock and a moan of *bliss*. His cock kicks in Billy's throat and he moans on it, swallows and sucks and bobs his head hard. The sounds of sloppy sex fill his ears. Slurps and groans and little breathy pants.

It's almost as good as the view.

As good as Steve's hands finding their way to Billy's face.

As good as those soft hands holding his head.

It takes a little while for things to find a rhythm. It's not every day that he has a dick so *big* in his mouth and he's just a *smidge* rusty. But Steve is *oh so* patient. He doesn't thrust like some assholes would. He doesn't push on his head and force his cock *in* until Billy chokes.

He just strokes his face and moans.

And it's perfect. It's everything Billy's ever dreamed. Better, even.

Right before he comes, Steve warns him. He gasps and taps Billy's cheek, whispers that he's close. It's *cute*, really.

Like Billy isn't in it to win it.

Besides, the way Steve trembles when he realizes Billy isn't *stopping* makes it just that much better. He orgasms with his whole body: thighs tense, fingers curled tight, neck flexed.

It's a glorious thing to behold.

And another snapshot for Billy's imaginary mantle.

When the high fades and Steve is actually *breathing*, Billy lets him go. He eases off his head, kisses his hip as he catches his own breath before murmuring, "I'm glad you weren't hurt." He nuzzles against Steve's tummy as he strokes his softening cock. Base to tip, slow and firm.

"Careful." Steve chuckles, swallows hard. "You sound like you almost care."



Billy might not *say* it, but he hopes his smile conveys something along those lines.

After all, he can't really come out and say he *likes* his opponent, now can he?

He has a reputation to keep.

**Author's Note:**

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